SPECIAL ISSUE

PANIC

READ THIS MAGAZINE AND YOU WON'T NEED YOUR EYES EXAMINED, YOU'LL NEED YOUR HEAD EXAMINED

EC ENTERTAINING COMICS

PANIC

NO. 8

DEC 2.50

3.65 CANADA

THIS IS NO MAGAZINE.

THIS IS HUMOR IN A VARICOSE VEIN. AND IF YOU'RE CLOSE ENOUGH TO READ THIS LITTLE TYPE, THEN YOU'RE CLOSE ENOUGH TO BUY IT ALREADY!

NO. 8

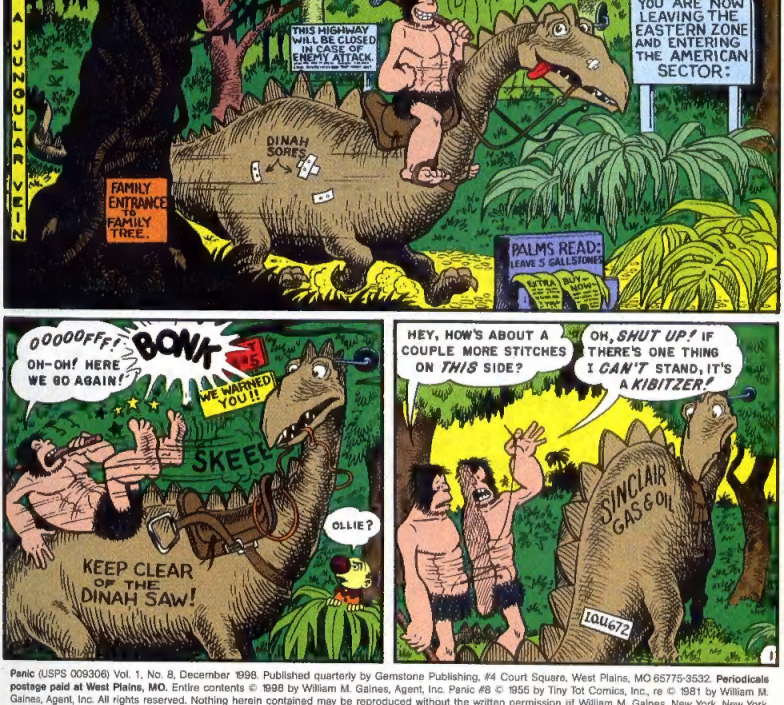
DEC 2.50

3.65 CANADA

STONE-AGE-TYPE COMIC STRIPS DEPT. (AN ENGLISH-SPEAKING NEANDERTHAL MAN FOR A HERO, DIVISION): YOU'RE PROBABLY ALL FAMILIAR WITH *THIS* CARTOON STRIP, THE ONE DEVOTED TO *PREHISTORIC MONSTERS*, *PILTDOWN PUNSTERS*, AND *AB-ORIGINAL JOKES*. SO LET'S ALL HOP INTO *DR. LOSTPUSS'S* AMAZING *TIME-MACHINE* AND ZIP BACK OVER THE CENTURIES... BACK MILLIONS OF YEARS...TO THAT MYTHICAL KINGDOM OF *WOOLA*... AND TAKE A SATIRICAL LOOK AT THAT *MESOZOIC MESS*...

IRVING OOPS

BY LO. HEMLINE OUCH! I MEAN ELDER.



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WELL, OOPS? WHAT HAVE YOU TO REPORT ON THE ENEMY'S MOVEMENTS?

PLENTY, KING ZUG! IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GETTING READY FOR A LONG SIEGE! THEY'VE BEEN BRINGING IN A WHOLE LOT OF RAW MATERIAL!

GOOL'S HEAD STONE CO.

HEAD STONE

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE

RAW MATERIAL, EH? WHAT KIND OF RAW MATERIAL?

THE REAL GOOD STUFF, KINGY! MARYLIN MONROE CALENDARS... ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKS (THE KIND CAVEMEN LIKE)...

SAY! THAT IS PRETTY RAW MATERIAL!

GOOL'S HEAD STO

SEWER TUNNELS

TO MANHOLE EXIT

PANIC

HMM! THIS CALLS FOR A COUNCIL OF WAR! GOT ANY IDEAS ON THE SUBJECT, GRAND BUDWIZER?

I'LL SAY!

HOW'RE YOU FIXED FOR BLONDES? AWWK!

CHEWING CUD

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO, YOUR MAJESTY! WE'VE GOT TO GO OVER THERE AND WHIP THEM ENEMY WUZZIN! WE'VE GOT TO TAKE AWAY THEIR CLUBS... AND KNIVES... AND STONE AXES... AND THE REST OF THEIR RAW MATERIAL!

YEAH! DON'T FORGET THAT RAW MATERIAL!

FOREVER MORE

YOO-HOO! IRVING, DOLL! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO COME BACK!

OOOLALA!!

WE DO CUTTING

FOR YOUR STONE-AGE SCRAPBOOK: BRONTOSAURUS

ROAMED THE EARTH 86,000,000 YEARS AGO (GIVE OR TAKE A FEW WEEKS!)

OH, IRVING! CRUSH ME IN THOSE STRONG MANLY FOREARMS OF YOURS!

ALL FOUR OF THEM?

10,000,000 B.C. HEAD ACHE TABLETS

FLASH!

GOLLY, OOOLALA! IT'S GOOD TO BE IN YOUR ARMS LIKE THIS ONCE MORE!

CONTROL YOURSELF, OOPS!

DOWN BOY! DOWN!

SWOOP

SANDWICHES

CAKE

CHICKEN FAT

WATER-CREST

LONDON

PARIS

LEVITTOWN

TIME

DOCTOR LOSTPUSS! ECCHH! PTOO! GAG! FEHH!!

I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU TOO, OOPS! I'VE BROUGHT YOU HERE TO THE 20TH CENTURY VIA MY REMARKABLE TIME-MACHINE FOR A VERY IMPORTANT MISSION!

8 DAY TIME MACHINE

MISSION...SMISSION! I WANNA GET BACK AND DO SOME KISSION... I MEAN KISSIN'! YER ALLA TIME INTERRUPTIN' ME AN' MY GIRL FRIEND OOOLALA AT THE MOST CRUCIAL MOMENT!

BUT, IRVING! YOU HAVE NO IDEA OF THE PROGRESS I HAVE BEEN MAKING WITH THE TIME MACHINE! WE CAN'T ABANDON ALL THAT!

AIR FIELD MAGAZINE

DIAL 'M' FOR MESOZOIC

YOU TOO CAN HAVE A CHEST LIKE THIS FOR 24 A DAY!

OH, YEAH!? WELL, WHAT ABOUT THE PROGRESS I'VE BEEN MAKING WITH OOOLALA? YOU EXPECT ME TO ABANDON ALL THAT? SO LONG, DOC! I'LL SEE YOU IN A COUPLE OF MILLION YEARS!

MORNING...OR AFTERNOON?

ELECTRIC BELL

WHERE DID YOU DISAPPEAR TO, OOPS, HONEY?

I WAS CALLED AWAY ON SOME VERY IMPORTANT BUSINESS...

NOTE: DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU THAT OOOLALA COULD ACTUALLY BE A REAL PRE-HISTORIC FEMALE & NOT THE USUAL CARTOON TYPE GAL!

BUT, DON'T WORRY! IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN! NOW WHERE WERE WE BEFORE WE WUZ SO RUDELY INTERRUPTED?

YOU WERE ABOUT TO CRUSH ME...(SIGH)...WITH YOUR POWERFUL TRICEPS!

ALL THREE OF THEM?

AND-OOO-BOY! HAVE YOU GOT DANDRUFF!

WHICH REMINDS ME, IRVING! HOW COME YOU GOT SUCH GIGANTIC FOREARMS AND SUCH PUNY UPPER ARMS?

I DUNNO! POOR CIRCULATION, I GUESS!*

I WAS A 97 LB. WEAKLING.

BEFORE

WELL, IF IT ISN'T IRV? SO YOU FINALLY FOUND THE NERVE!

NOW WHAT?! EVERY TIME I GET TO FEELING TENDER AND ROMANTIC LIKE THIS, SOMEBODY COMES ALONG AND BREAKS THE SPELL!

IT'S YOUR PREHISTORIC PAL FUZZY, WHO ALWAYS SPEAKS IN RHYME!

AFTER

NOW I'M A 212 LB. WEAKLING

BRIDAL PATH

HOPE CHEST

*AS A MATTER OF FACT, IRVING OOPS HAS VERY GOOD CIRCULATION...234 PAPERS AT THE LAST COUNT--EDS.

I'M GLAD I FOUND YOU, IRV, OLD PAL--Y! I'VE GOT A JOB, RIGHT UP YOUR ALLEY... OOP!

WHAT'S THE *JOB* YOU GOT FOR ME, FUZZY?

CAN WE BE SUED FOR THAT?

ROCK & RYE

BREATHES THERE A MAN WITH METABOLISM SO LOW, WHO DIDN'T ENVY DIMAGGIO?

NEXT TIME YOU SPY ON THE KINGDOM OF WUZZIN, BRING ME BACK A COUPLE OF DOZEN!

SOCIETY OF BIRD WATCHERS

FOR THIS YOU INTERRUPT MY BIG LOVE SCENE!! LUCKY FOR *YOU* I AM IN A *TENDER* AND *ROMANTIC* FRAME OF MIND... OTHERWISE I MIGHT LOSE MY *TEMPER*... AND *HIT YOU*... LIKE... *THIS!*

NOT IN THE *HEAD*, IRVING!

BASH

OOOLALA! YOU BRING OUT THE *ANIMAL* IN ME!

I HOPE IT'S A *MINK!*

COULD YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHICH WAY IS WEST? IT'S HARD FOR ME TO SEE THROUGH MY CHEST!

WEAR A PEEK-A-BOO VEST... PEST!

CAVE OUT

CAVE IN

TO THE HEAD STONE

FOR YOUR STONE-AGE SCRAP BOOK

LECTISAURUS

LIVED ON WORMS, GRUBS AND DEAD LEAVES

YOU CALL THAT LIVING?

HO CHI

AH, OOOLALA, BABY! ALONE AT LAST! NOW I'LL SHOW YOU HOW WE MAKE LOVE *MOOLA STYLE*...

...TO THE SOUND OF ROMANTIC VIOLENCE!

VIOLINS, IDIOT! BUT NEVER MIND THE *STYLE!* WHAT ABOUT THE *MOOLA?*

TURTLE DOVE

OH, *THERE* YOU ARE, IRV! I MUST SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT THE *WUZZIN PROBLEM!*

BAWW! EVERY TIME I GET STARTED WITH OOOLALA, SOMEONE INTERRUPTS JUST IN THE NICK O' TIME!

G-R-R-R...

BAGLES 3¢

OOPS! THIS IS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO OUR *TRIBAL SECURITY!* YOU, AS OFFICIAL SPY, MUST GO BACK TO WUZZEN TERRITORY AND BRING BACK COMPLETE INFORMATION ON WHEN THEY PLAN TO ATTACK! WE MUST HAVE *FACTUAL DATA! NAMES! PLACES! DATES!*

IN OTHER WORDS, *BRING BACK MORE OF THOSE CALENDARS!*

SMOKE OOLS! SMOKE OOLS! AWWWWKK

$10,000 REWARD TO ANYBODY WHO CAN LOCATE IRVING OOPS' EARS!!

LISSEN, BUDWIZER! WILL YUH STOP BOTHERIN' ME WITH THOSE FURSHLUGGINER CALENDARS ALREADY!

SMEK

NOW, WHERE *WERE* WE OOOLALA? OH, YEAH! I WAS ABOUT TO *CRUSH YOU* IN MY *BRAWNY BICEPS!*

ALL *TWO* OF THEM?

WRESTLING NEXT WEEK: MADMAN MINTZ VS. GRAMMA MOSES

MISS ECHINNOF 1,000,000 B.C.

V-W-E-E-P!

S-STOP IT! STOP HUGGING AND CRUSHING ME! YOU'RE SQUEEZING THE *LIFE* OUT OF ME!

ALL *ONE* OF THEM?

OCCUPANCY OF MORE THAN ONE PERSON IS UNLAWFUL & DANGEROUS

LISTEN, OOPS! I HAVE A *VERY IMPORTANT SCIENTIFIC MISSION* FOR YOU TO PERFORM! FOR *CENTURIES*, WE PALEOLOGISTS HAVE BEEN TRYING TO DISCOVER PRIMITIVE MAN'S *FIRST CRUDE ATTEMPTS* AT RECORDING *TIME* AND THE *SEASONS!*

IN OTHER WORDS... *GET IN THERE, BWAH, AN' BRING ME BACK SOME OF THOSE MARYLIN MONROE CALENDARS!*

FULL OF BULLSHIT

WILL YOU PEOPLE CUT IT OUT WITH THOSE FARSHIMILT CALENDARS ALREADY!

ONE OF THESE *PANELS*, I'M GOING TO LOSE MY *TEMPER*... LIKE *THIS!*

NOT IN THE *STOMACH*, IRVING!

TILT

INTERRUPTIONS! INTERRUPTIONS! I'M GOING BACK TO THE *FOREST'S PRIME EVIL!* IF YOU WANT ME, I'LL BE AT *OOOLALA'S CAVE* IN THE YEAR *612*...

A.D., B.C., A.C., D.C., A.A.A., N.R.A., T.B. OR E.C.?

LAUNDRY

WE ASLO DO CUPPING!

AH, HERE COMES IRVING...BACK FROM THE 20TH CENTURY! I'D RECOGNIZE HIS MANLY PHYSIQUE ANYWHERE...THOSE POWERFUL FOOTBALL-SHAPED CALVES AND FOREARMS...THOSE SPAGHETTI-SHAPED THIGHS AND UPPER ARMS! IN OTHER WORDS... WADDA PILT-DOWN!
HOW TO TALK TO HOOK ARMS
RED LIGHT DISTRICT
OH, DARLING, IT'S SO WONDERFUL TO SEE YOU'RE BACK!
IT'S NICE T'SEE YERS TOO, HONEY!
SMACK
KISS
WIPE FEET!
HEY! YOU'RE NOT IRVING OOPS! YOU'RE POOPIK, THE SAILOR MAN!
I YAM WHAT I YAM AN' THAT'S ALL THAT I YAM!
125TH ST. FERRY
GENUINE SAILOR FOR SUPERMAN
WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK HERE, POOPIK?
I JUS' DROPPED BY T'SEE IF OOPS COULD GET ME SOME OF THEM ILLUSTRATED COMIKAL BOOKS! YOU KNOW! THE KINE SAILOR MEN LIKE! CLK! CLK!
WHA...?
CHIKEE! CHIKEE!
CRUNCH NEET
FOR YOUR STONE-AGE SCRAPBOOK SPECTOSAURUS
(NO SPINACH!) LIVED ON SEAWEED, LEAVES, AND OTHER GREENERY
HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE T' TELL YOU TO KEEP YOUR CARTOON-PICKIN' HANDS OFFA MY STRIP?
THAT'S NICE, BUT DON'T FIGHT!
ABANDON SHIP— WE'RE SINKING FAST!!
WHUMFF
WELL, OOOLALA! THERE'S NO ONE LEFT TO INTERRUPT US NOW! I'VE KILLED OFF FUZZY, BUDWIZER, KING ZUG, DOC LOSTPUSS, AND POOPIK THE SAILOR!
SO WHO'S WATCHING THE STORE!?
-AN' BOY- HAVE YOU STILL GOT DANDRUFF!
PING PONG
BEAUTY TIPS REMOVING DANDRUFF
NOW THAT WE ARE COMPLETELY ALONE, I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU TO DO ME A FAVOR, IRVING!
ANYTHIN', HONEY! ANYTHIN'!
NEXT TIME YOU'RE IN WUZZIN, WOULD YOU PICK ME UP A NICE POCKETBOOK?
SURE, BABY! WHAT KIND DO YOU LIKE? THEY GOT LIZARD... TROLOGDYTE... WOOLY RHINOCEROUS...
NO! NO! I MEAN THE OTHER KIND OF POCKET BOOK...THE KIND NEANDERTHAL WOMEN LIKE!
6

HERE I THOUGHT YOU LOVED ME FOR MYSELF ALONE... AN' ALL THE TIME, YOU WERE JUST AFTER MY POCKET-BOOKS!
GOOD LORD! CHOKE...
UGH..YA UGLY BEAST.. GOTTA GET RID OF THAT DANDRUFF!!
POW
CRAK
BAH! I'M THROUGH WITH HUMAN BEINGS! THE ONLY REALLY TRUE FRIEND I HAVE IN THE WORLD IS DINAH THE DINOSAUR! DINAH NEVER ASKS ME FOR ANY FAVORS...
...MAINLY BECAUSE SHE DOESN'T HAVE ANY VOCAL CORDS!
THE HAIRY ARMS
FOR YOUR STONE-AGE SCRAPBOOK: LOTSATSAURUS
THIS CREATURE WORRIED ITSELF INTO EXTINCTION OVER 6,000,000 YEARS AGO!
DINAH, OL' GIRL, YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO'S REALLY FAITHFUL TO ME! GOOD OL' DINAH!
AW-OOO BOY.. HAVE YOU GOT BAD BREATH!!
LOOKIT HER, THE POOR DUMB CREATURE. SHE'S TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING!
LOOKIT HER STRAINING HER PEA-SIZED PALEOZOIC BRAIN, TRYING TO COMMUNICATE WITH ME!
PROBABLY TRYING TO TELL ME HOW MUCH SHE LOVES ME!
AWWKKK!
KAN YEW GET ME 2OME O7 TH3M ILL-USTRATED KOMICAL BOOKS -THE KIND REP7ILES LIKE...HUH?
THIS OLD CRAB IS OVER 6,000,000 YEARS OLD!
MUSEUM OF UNNATURAL HISTORY
DINOSAUR
ESTIMATED TO BE ABOUT 12,000,000 YEARS OLD. PRESUMED TO HAVE DIED OF A CRACK ON THE SKULL FROM A BLUNT INSTRUMENT, SUCH AS A STONE-AGE TYPE AXE.
INTERESTIN', HUH, SON?
AAH!
PSST! HEY, MAC! WANNA BUY SOME PREHISTORIC-TYPE ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKS! GOT BACK ISSUES O' E.C. HORROR!
RIP
CLIK CLIK
WE CAN DO BUSINESS
THE END

Continuing with its policy of presenting samples of the kinds of journalistic efforts the American people are subjected to in their daily newspapers, Panic magazine now brings you its impression of the critical-review type column. The guy who writes this gem is usually a frustrated actor, playwrite, or director who unleashes his fury over failure at the more talented and successful of these professions. His column is usually called something like:

IT SHOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED LAST NIGHT

by Basil Metabolism

An exceptionally dramatic and artistic new play might have been presented at the Broadhussy Theater last night. But it wasn't. The curtain, a dismal grey velveteen affair with moth holes, patches, and a chattle mortgage, instead arose on a masterpiece of drivel entitled "Love me, love my Psychiatrist." It needn't have bothered. What ensued was the worst production I have ever received free tickets to. The script should have been buried, it was that dead. As it was, thirteen talented actors and actresses desperately wandered over the stage looking for a plot for it.

Irving Potrzebie, the unfortunate young man who calls himself the author of this monstrosity, has woven a thinly constructed veil around the age-old eternal triangle theme, with a Psychiatrist playing the part of the hypotenuse. Needless to say, this innovation lends nothing to the performance except some Freudian quotations that don't even apply to the action.

The director, Melvin Smedly, amazingly enough, did wonders with absolutely nothing. Melvin is an exceptionally gifted young man. He is sure to go places on Broadway. He is sure to be rich and famous. He'd better be, as my daughter has expensive taste and they're getting married next week.

The star, Ingrid Vienershnitzel, one of Bavaria's most beautiful dramatic actresses, who doesn't speak a word of English, delivered her phonetic lines admirably. As the neurotic wife, her performance was astonishing and convincing. Especially when she screamed and shrieked and stamped her feet and scratched the face of that man in the fourth row who coughed during her one short speech.

The lighting was brilliant. During the scene in the Psychiatrist's office, when everything was suddenly thrown into utter confusion, due to the fact that the prop man had forgotten the necessary box of Kleenex, Miss Vienershnitzel was saved by a clever electrician who threw her his lens-rag.

One cannot overlook the sets. They were cleverly conceived and even more cleverly constructed. The use of the revolving portion of the stage as a long-play record, during the scene where Miss Vienershnitzel dreams she is a magnetic cartridge in the tone-arm of her husband's high fidelity phonograph, was a stroke of sheer genius. I do hope, though, that a more suitable arrangement might be made for Miss Vienershnitzel to play "Lieberstraum," when she returns to the cast after her stay in the hospital, than by using her nose as the needle.

All in all, "Love me, love my Psychiatrist" was a pathetic attempt at entertainment. Neither the acting, the brilliant direction, the exceptional lighting, nor the fine settings could save the thoroughly miserable script. I always knew Irving Potrzebie couldn't write, even back when we were in college together and he won the drama prize and I didn't. I remember the play I wrote for my entry. Just to show you how unfair it was, I'll tell you

(*cont. on pg. 73*)

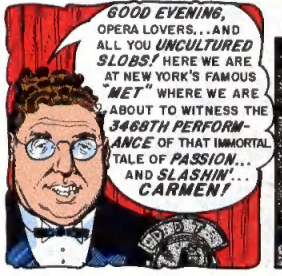
HIGH CLASS CULTURE DEPT. (MUSIC WITH WORDS YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND 'CAUSE THEY'RE IN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE DIVISION): THERE'S BEEN TOO MUCH *TALK* LATELY ABOUT *COMIC BOOKS DISCOURAGING* THE YOUNGER READER FROM DEVELOPING A TASTE FOR THE MORE *ESTHETIC ART FORMS.* IN ORDER TO *SPIKE* THIS NASTY RUMOR, *PANIC MAGAZINE* DEVOTES THE NEXT SIX PAGES TO THE SPIRITUALLY UPLIFTING MEDIUM OF *GRAND OPERA,* AND PRESENTS, FOR YOUR EDIFICATION AND ENJOYMENT, BIZET'S IMMORTAL...

CARMEN

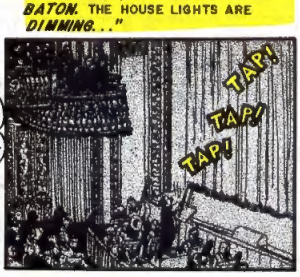
AND *PAY ATTENTION!*...BECAUSE THERE WILL BE *QUESTIONS* ASKED LATER ON! (...PROBABLY BY A *SENATE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE!*)

DON'T BLAME THIS ON JOE ORLANDO— HE ONLY DREW IT! (FOR MONEY)

FOR THAT EXTRA ADDED *CULTURAL TOUCH,* WE HAVE ENLISTED THE SERVICE OF THAT WORLD FAMOUS OPERA DEVOTEE, *MR. MELVIN KROSS,* WHO WILL EXPLAIN THE *LIBRETTO* OF THE OPERA, AS IT PROCEEDS, TO ALL US *UNCULTURED SLOBS*...

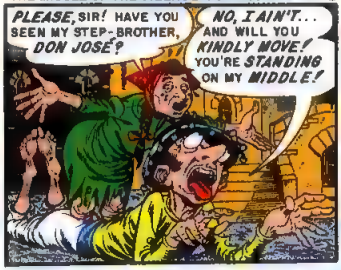


"...AND I *DO* BELIEVE THE *PERFORMANCE* IS ABOUT TO GET UNDER *WAY.* THE MUSICANS HAVE FINISHED TUNING THEIR *INSTRUMENTS.* THE PERFORMERS ARE TAKING THEIR PLACES *BACKSTAGE.* THE CONDUCTOR IS RAPPING FOR *ATTENTION.* HE'S LIFTING HIS *BATON.* THE HOUSE LIGHTS ARE *DIMMING*..."



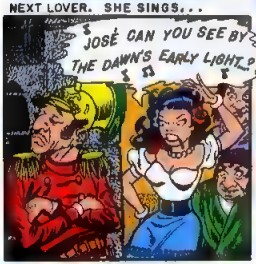
"THE HOUSE LIGHTS ARE *STILL DIMMING!* THEY'RE GETTING *DIMMER* AND *DIMMER!*... AND *DIMMER*...AND...*OOPS!*"

AND NOW, THE CURTAIN RISES ON ACT I OF 'CARMEN'! THE SETTING IS SEVILLE. THE YEAR IS 1820. A PEASANT GIRL, MICHAELA, STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE VILLAGE SQUARE. SHE ASKS...



THE NOON WHISTLE FRIGHTENS MICHAELA AND SHE RUNS OFF-STAGE AS THE GAY, CAREFREE CIGARETTE ROLLERS RUSH OUT OF THE FACTORY FOR LUNCH, GIVING VENT TO THEIR JOY WITH THE ROLLICKING AIR: *LA POMMER VERTE EST DANS LE JARDIN*... KNOWN IN ENGLISH AS: "*COME, JOSEPHINE, IT GIVES FREE NICOTINE!*"...

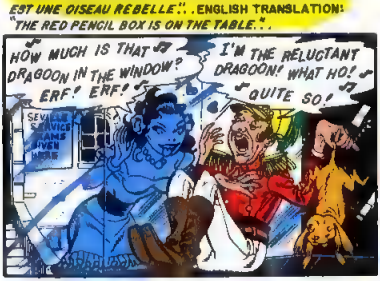
AT THIS POINT, THE TEMPESTUOUS CARMEN MAKES HER ENTRANCE. SHE IS EASILY THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE CIGARETTE ROLLERS. SHE SPIES DON JOSÉ, A CORPORAL IN THE SPANISH ARMY, AND DECIDES THEN AND THERE THAT HE WILL BE HER NEXT LOVER. SHE SINGS...



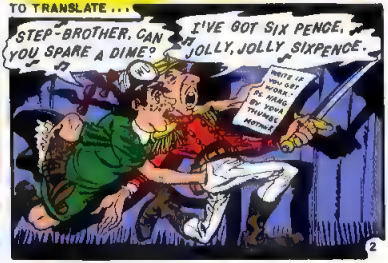
HER WILD GYPSY PASSION AROUSED BY THE SIGHT OF THIS HANDSOME DRAGOON, CARMEN TOSSES DON JOSÉ A ROSE IN AN ATTEMPT TO CATCH HIS EYE...

...WHICH SHE MANAGES TO DO, DESPITE HAVING THE SUN IN HER EYES...

BUT THE DASHING CORPORAL SHOWS NO INTEREST IN THE FIERY GYPSY AND TELLS HER SO IN NO UNCERTAIN TERMS ...WHICH IS EXPRESSED IN THE LILTING ARIA: "*L'AMOUR EST UNE OISEAU REBELLE*"... ENGLISH TRANSLATION: "*THE RED PENCIL BOX IS ON THE TABLE.*"...



JUST THEN, MICHAELA, DON JOSÉ'S STEP-SISTER, REAPPEARS WITH A MESSAGE FROM THEIR POOR OLD MOTHER. THE TWO THEN SING THE LYRICAL DUET: "*LE RENARD ROUSE PREND LA POULE BLANCHE ET GRISE*"... WHICH IS IMPOSSIBLE TO TRANSLATE...



CARMEN, MEANWHILE, REBUFFED BY THE HANDSOME DON JOSÉ, RELIEVES HER PENT-UP FRUSTRATION BY PLAYFULLY TAKING IT OUT ON A FELLOW CIGARETTE ROLLER. CARMEN ACCOMPLISHES THIS BY SLIPPING A SHIV BETWEEN HER 7TH AND 8TH RIBS... WHICH INSPIRES THE GIRL TO GIVE VOICE TO THE TRAGIC LAMENT...

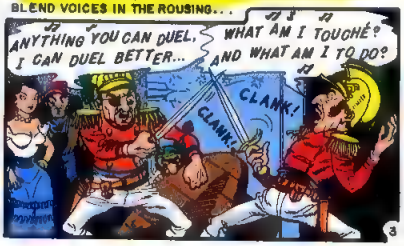
DON JOSÉ, LEFT TO GUARD THE CAPTURED CARMEN, BEGINS TO WEAKEN UNDER THE BEGUILING SPELL OF THIS TANTALIZING GYPSY. HE JOINS HER IN THE MELODIC: *"VOTRE CRÊPE JE PEUX VOUS LE RENDRE"*... OR *"YOU DO, AND YOU'LL CLEAN IT UP..."*

DON JOSÉ, BY NOW COMPLETELY BEWITCHED BY CARMEN'S CHARMS, ALLOWS HER TO ESCAPE, BUT NOT BEFORE ARRANGING A RENDEZVOUS THAT EVENING AT THE LOCAL CABARET. ... AND WITH THAT, THE CURTAIN FALLS ON ACT I...

ACT II TAKES PLACE IN LILLAS PASTIA'S TAVERN... A VERITABLE DEN OF THIEVES, CUT-THROATS, AND COMIC BOOK ARTISTS. AS THE CURTAIN RISES, WE FIND CARMEN GIVING AN IMPROMTU DANCE IN HONOR OF ESCAMILLO, THE VAIN, FEARLESS TOREADOR... THE IDOL OF ALL SPAIN...

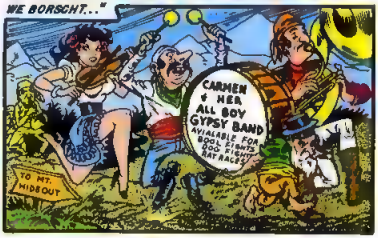
AT THIS POINT, DON JOSÉ ENTERS THE CABARET AND IS ONCE MORE STRUCK BY THE DAZZLING BEAUTY OF CARMEN. HE SITS ENTRANCED AS SHE SERANADES HIM WITH THE BEAUTIFUL: *"LE PAPILLION ET LA MOUCHE À FEU"*... ROUGHLY TRANSLATED: *"AH, YOUR FATHER'S MOUSTACHE!"*...

SUDDENLY, THE LOVERS' TRYST IS INTERRUPTED BY THE ARRIVAL OF CAPITAN ZUNIGA, HANDSOME DON JOSÉ'S C.O., WHO ORDERS THE DRAGOON TO RETURN TO HIS PLATOON... BUT SOON! DON JOSÉ'S PASSION FOR THE TEMPESTUOUS CARMEN IS TOO STRONG, HOWEVER, AND HE REFUSES. A BATTLE FOLLOWS, DURING WHICH THE TWO SOLDIERS BLEND VOICES IN THE ROUSING...



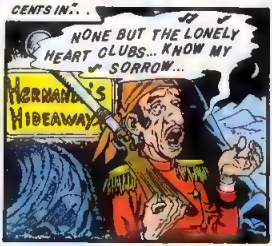
THE DUEL IS BROUGHT TO A SCREECHING HALT BY THE INTERVENTION OF CARMEN'S HENCHMEN, WHO, IN A SURPRISE *CUL-DE-SAC*, BIND AND GAG THE HELPLESS CAPITÁN...

AND SO, DON JOSÉ, UNWILLING TO SUFFER THE WRATH OF HIS COMMANDING OFFICERS, IS FORCED TO DESERT THE ARMY AND JOIN CARMEN'S GYPSY BAND. THE ACT II CURTAIN DESCENDS TO THE LIVELY STRAINS OF; "*LA MAISON EST PETITE, ET DEVANT LA MAISON DANS LE BOIS EST LE LOUP*"... OR "*WE'RE GONNA EAT BEET SOUP TILL WE BORSCHT...*"

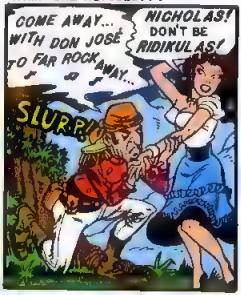


ACT III IS SET AT THE GYPSY'S MOUNTAIN HIDEAWAY. AS THE CURTAIN GOES UP, WE FIND DON JOSÉ, A SMUGGLER FOR THE PAST 3 MONTHS, STANDING GUARD DUTY OUTSIDE THE SMUGGLER'S CAVE...

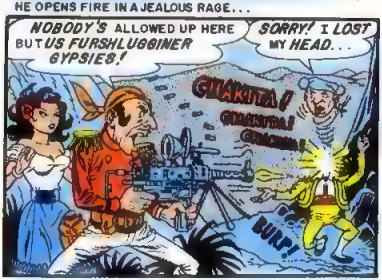
HOMESICK FOR THE HAPPY ARMY LIFE HE HAS ABANDONED AND CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN OVER HIS PRESENT LIFE OF CRIME, HE SINGS THE HAUNTING ARIAS "*OUVREZ VOTRE BOUCHE ET PARLEZ DISTINCTEMENT*"... WHICH MEANS: "*THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN... BECAUSE YOU HADDA STICK YOUR TWO CENTS IN*"...



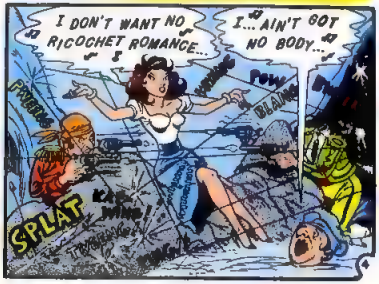
CARMEN COMES UPON THE SCENE AND THE UNHAPPY EX-CORPORAL BEGS HER TO GIVE UP THIS WILD GYPSY LIFE AND RUN AWAY WITH HIM. SHE REFUSES...



SUDDENLY, DON JOSÉ SEES A STRANGER MAKING HIS WAY UP THE MOUNTAIN PATH. RECOGNIZING HIM AS ESCAMILLO, THE BULLFIGHTER, COME TO WOO CARMEN, HE OPENS FIRE IN A JEALOUS RAGE...

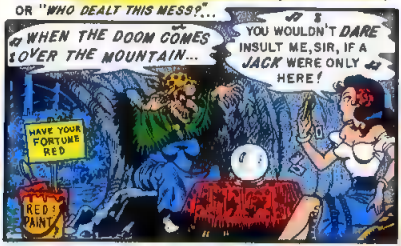


THE TWO SUITORS ENGAGE IN A PITTED BATTLE FOR THE HAND OF CARMEN, AND IT IS ONLY HER INTERVENTION WHICH KEEPS THEM FROM KILLING ONE ANOTHER...



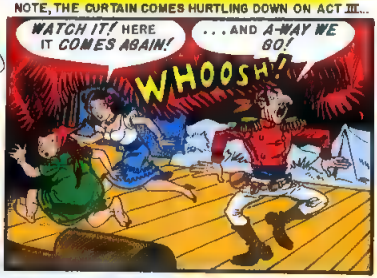
ESCAMILLO LEAVES, BUT NOT BEFORE INVITING THE GYPSIES TO SEVILLE THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY TO WATCH HIM THROW THE BULL. THIS IS DONE WITH AN INTRICATE DUET, MADE DOUBLY DIFFICULT BY THE FACT THAT HE SINGS BOTH PARTS HIMSELF...

CARMEN, CURIOUS AS TO HOW HER AFFAIR WITH THE TOREADOR WILL END, TURNS TO THE FORTUNE-TELLER'S CARDS FOR THE ANSWER. BUT NO MATTER HOW THE CARDS ARE SHUFFLED AND RESHUFFLED, THE ANSWER ALWAYS COMES OUT THE SAME... *DOOM!* THIS PROMPTS HER TO SING THE MOURNFUL ARIA: *"FIRMEZ LA PORTE, S'IL VOUS PLAT"*.. OR *"WHO DEALT THIS MESS?"*...



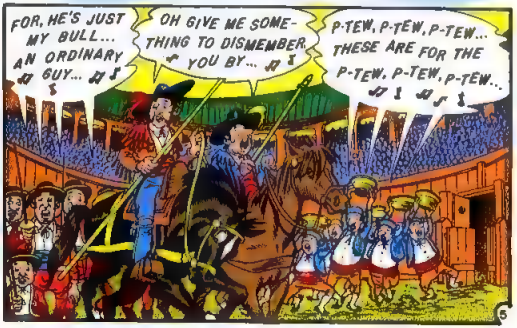
MICHAELA SHOWS UP AGAIN. SHE HAS COME TO THE GYPSY CAMP TO TELL DON JOSÉ THAT HIS MOTHER IS DYING AND WISHES TO SPEAK TO HIM. WE NOW HEAR THE FAMOUS DUET: *"EN TOUTES LES FORFAITES, CHERCHEZ LA FEMME"*.. ENGLISH TRANSLATION: *"IF YOU'RE TAKING THE CAR TONIGHT, DRIVE CAREFULLY, BECAUSE I'LL BE OUT WALKING."*.

BEFORE SETTING OUT ON HIS LONG JOURNEY, THE LOVE-SICK DON JOSÉ VISITS CARMEN'S TENT AND WARNS HER NOT TO LEAVE THE CAMP UNTIL HE RETURNS. HE VOWS TO KILL HER IF SHE DOES. WITH THIS DREARY NOTE, THE CURTAIN COMES HURTLING DOWN ON ACT III...



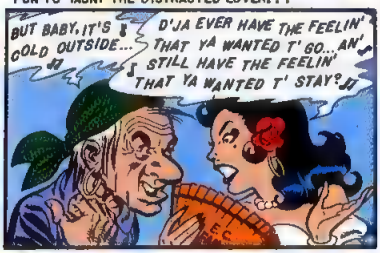
AS THE CURTAIN RISES ON THE FOURTH AND FINAL ACT, IT IS THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY. WE SEE CARMEN, WHO HAS DISOBEYED DON JOSÉ'S INSTRUCTIONS, AT THE BULL-FIGHT ARENA IN SEVILLE, WAITING TO SEE ESCAMILLO PERFORM...

THE COLORFUL PAGEANT OF THE BULL FIGHT UNFOLDS WITH THE ENTRANCE OF THE MATADORS, THE PICADORS, AND THE TOREADORS THROUGH THE SWINGING-DOORS... FOLLOWED BY A PROCESSION OF CUSPIDORS...



NOW THE GREAT ESCAMILLO APPEARS. HE STRIDES ACROSS THE SAND AND LAVISHES A DEEP BOW ON CARMEN, THEREBY DEDICATING THE FIRST BULL TO HER. IN AN EQUALLY TENDER GESTURE, THE RAVISHING GYPSY REMOVES THE FLOWER FROM HER HAIR AND TOSSES IT TO ESCAMILLO...

A FRIEND OF CARMEN ADVISES HER THAT DON JOSÉ IS OUTSIDE THE ARENA AND WANTS TO SPEAK WITH HER. SHE ADVISES CARMEN AGAINST GOING, FEARING VIOLENCE ON THE PART OF THE EX-CORPORAL. BUT CARMEN, WITH TYPICAL GYPSY FOOLHARDINESS, FEELS IT WILL BE FUN TO TAUNT THE DISTRACTED LOVER...



DON JOSÉ TRIES ALL MANNER OF PERSUASION TO WIN BACK THE HEART OF THE FICKLE GYPSY. HE CONFRONTS HER WITH THE PLEADING TRAGIC AREA: "DONNEZ-MOI UN CHAISE-LONGUE, MON PETITE"... OR "I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WAIT IN THE CAVE!"...

BUT CARMEN'S ONLY ANSWER TO DON JOSE'S ARDENT PROTESTATIONS OF LOVE IS TO TAUNT HIM WITH THE NAME OF ESCAMILLO, HER NEWLY-ACQUIRED LOVER. THEN SHE LAUGHS IN HIS FACE WITH THE DELIGHTFULLY LYRICAL...

NOW, DON JOSÉ REALIZES THAT HE HAS BEEN BETRAYED BY THE WOMAN FOR WHICH HE TOSSED ASIDE A PROMISING ARMY CAREER. IN A FINAL, TUMULTUOUS DUET, HE FLIES INTO A RAGE, AND PLUNGES A KNIFE INTO HER HEART TO THE STRAINS OF...

THE EMBITTERED LOVER, REALIZING WHAT HE HAS DONE, THROWS HIMSELF ACROSS THE LIFELESS BODY OF CARMEN AND CURSES THE CRUEL INJUSTICE OF LIFE. ESCAMILLO, MEANWHILE, LEAVES THE ARENA WITH NEW-FOUND ADMIRERS ON EACH ARM, SCARCELY CONCERNED WITH CARMEN'S DEMISE. AS THE CURTAIN DESCENDS, THE ENTIRE CHORUS JOINS IN THE STIRRING STRAINS OF: "LE GRAN'MERE ET LE PETITE FILS FONT L'ECOLE BUISSONNIERE" WHICH MEANS: "MONEY CAN'T BUY HAPPINESS, BUT IT SURE HELPS MAKE A BIG DOWN-PAYMENT...

ON SEPT. 16TH, 1823, TRIAL WAS HELD IN SUPERIOR COURT FOR IN AND AROUND THE COUNTY OF SEVILLE. THE DEFENDENT, DON JOSÉ, WAS FOUND "GUILTY OF MURDER ■ THE FIRST DEGREE" AND SENTENCED TO WATCH ALL OF NEXT SEASON'S PRESENTATIONS AT THE "MET", WHICH ■ A *FATE* WORSE THAN *DEATH!* I KNOW! DUM-DA-DUM-DUM.

ART APPRECIATION DEPT: EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, YOU READ ABOUT FAMOUS PAINTINGS UNDERGOING REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATIONS WHILE IN THE PROCESS OF BEING CLEANED AND RESTORED. NEW DETAILS APPEAR, OLD DETAILS DISAPPEAR, COSTUME CHANGES TAKE PLACE, DAY TURNS INTO NIGHT AND VICE VERSA, AND NEW MEANINGS TO THESE MASTERPIECES ARE SUDDENLY REVEALED. RECENTLY THE EDITORS OF PANIC HAVE BEEN SNEAKING AROUND MUSEUMS AND ART GALLERIES WITH ALL KINDS RAGS AND ALL KINDS CLEANING FLUIDS. AFTER MUCH DILIGENT SCRAPING AND SCOURING, WE ARE ABLE TO PRESENT, FOR THE FIRST TIME, HITHERTO UNHIDDEN DETAILS FOUND IN SOME OF THE WORKS OF THE OLD MASTERS YOU HAVE BEEN ADMIRING ALL YOUR LIFE. JOIN US NOW AS...

PANIC PEEKS INTO SOME OLD UNDER PAINTS

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON
—RAPHEAL—

—HALS—
A FOOL WITH A LUTE
OR
NEVER FOOL WITH A LUTE
OR
A FOOL AND HIS LOOT ARE SOON PARTED

SLEEPING GYPSY
—ROUSSEAU—

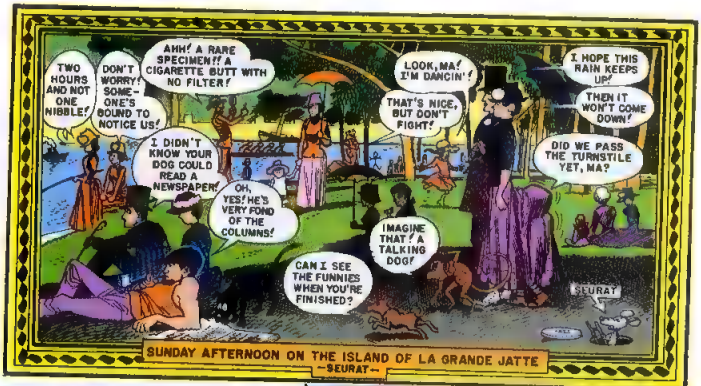
GEORGE WASHINGTON
—STUART—

THE COOK
—VERMEER—

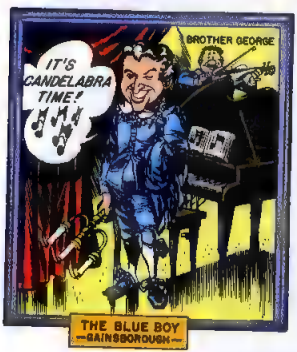
BOY WITH A RABBIT
—RAEBURN—

THE SHRIMP GIRL
—HOGARTH—

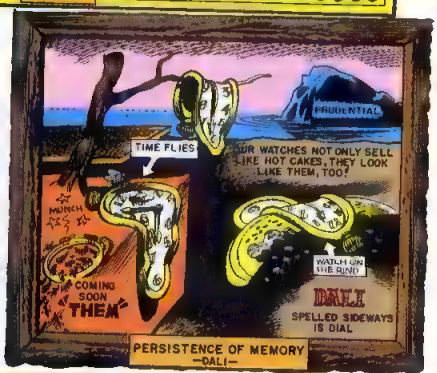
THE FIFER
—MANET—



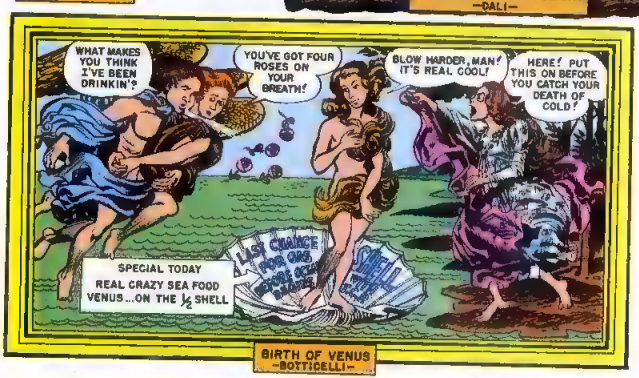
SUNDAY AFTERNOON ON THE ISLAND OF LA GRANDE JATTE
—SEURAT—



THE BLUE BOY
—GAINSBOROUGH—

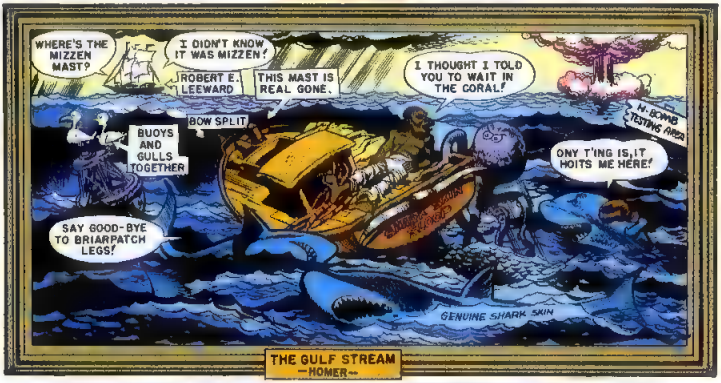


PERSISTENCE OF MEMORY
—DALI—

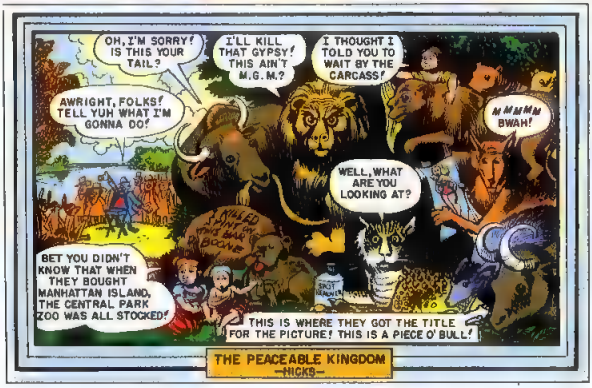


BIRTH OF VENUS
—BOTTICELLI—

THE NIGHT WATCH
—REMBRANDT—



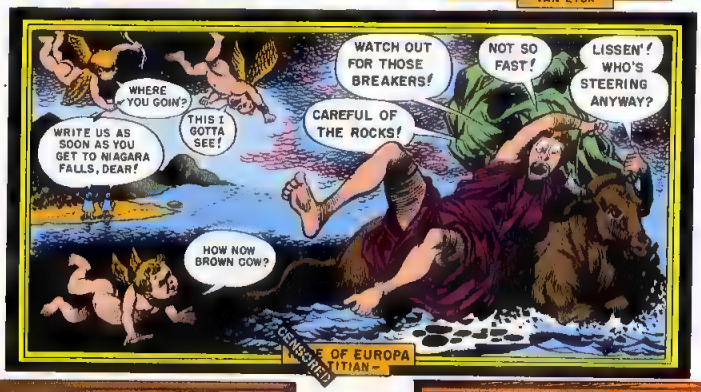
THE GULF STREAM
—HOMER—



THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM
—HICKS—

ARAB RIDER ATTACKED BY A LION
—DELACROIX—

JOHN ARNOLFINI AND HIS WIFE
—VAN EYCK—



E OF EUROPA
ITIAN—

PORTRAIT OF KING CHARLES I
—VAN DYCK—

THE GLEANERS
—MILLET—

THE ANATOMY LESSON
—REMBRANDT—

THE SWING
—FRAGONARD—

LUNCHEON ON THE GRASS
—MANET—

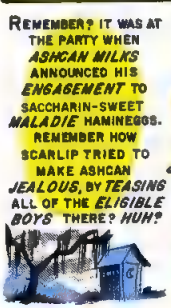
WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE
—LEUTZE—

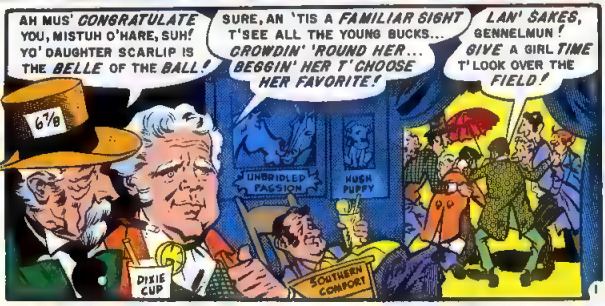
RE-ISSUED FILM CLASSIC DEPT: (IT MADE MONEY ONCE, IT CAN DO IT AGAIN...BECAUSE THIS TIME THEY NEED IT! DIVISION): BY *NOW*, THERE PROBABLY ISN'T A *PERSON* IN THE UNITED STATES OVER *SIX YEARS OLD* WHO HASN'T *SEEN* THIS *STIRRING EPIC OF THE DEEP SOUTH* AT LEAST *ONCE*...SO THERE'S *NO SENSE* GIVING YOU *OUR VERSION* OF THE *WHOLE STORY* FROM *BEGINNING* TO *END*. BESIDES... IT'S *FOUR HOURS LONG* AND *WE* ONLY GOT *SEVEN PAGES!* INSTEAD, WE THOUGHT WE'D JUST REMIND YOU OF A FEW OF THE *OUTSTANDING HIGHLIGHTS* AND *MORE MEMORABLE DRAMATIC SCENES* FROM THE *GREATEST LI'L OL' LOVE YARN EVER FILMED*... THAT *STIRRING TALE* OF AN *ERA* OF *LUXURIOUS LIVING, CRINOLINE SKIRTS*, AND *HUSHPUPPIES*, WHICH CAME TO AN *END* WITH THE *BLOODY, GORY CIVIL WAR*. HONEY CHILE, WE'RE TALKIN' 'BOUT...

GONE WITH THE WIDOW

MEMORABLE SCENE NO. 1: THE *FIRST THRILLING MEETING* BETWEEN BEAUTIFUL, PROUD, WILLFUL, TREACHEROUS *SCARLIP O'HARE*...DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTH'S RICHEST PLANTATION OWNER... AND HANDSOME, DASHING, MYSTERIOUS, SARDONIC *RHETT BUTTONS*...SON OF A GUN. WHO COULD EVER *FORGET* THIS THRILLING SCENE? *WHO? HUH? WHO?*...

REMEMBER? IT WAS AT THE PARTY WHEN *ASHCAN MILKS* ANNOUNCED HIS *ENGAGEMENT* TO SACCHARIN-SWEET *MALADIE* HAMINEGGS. REMEMBER HOW SCARLIP TRIED TO MAKE ASHCAN *JEALOUS*, BY *TEASING* ALL OF THE *ELIGIBLE BOYS* THERE? *HUH?*





HAVE Y'ALL PICKED YO' FAVORITE YET, SCARLIP?

P-PLEASE TELL US YO' SELECTION, MISS O'HARE.

WHO DO YOU PICK, MISS SCARLIP?

TELL US WHO YOU LIKE BEST, SCARLIP?

AH THINK YOU GENNELMUN WILL BE HAPPY T'KNOW AH'VE FINALLY MADE MAH DECISION!

SOUTHERN BELL

AH LIKE "FIDDLE-DEE-DEE"... IN THE SIXTH... AT... BELMONT!

GOLLY, THANKS, MISS SCARLIP!

SHE'S NEVER BEEN WRONG YET!

BUT THEN, "KIND MUDDER" LOOKS MIGHTY GOOD TOO! AH'LL PLAY 'EM BOTH.

RACING FORM

IT'S WAH! WAH! MISTUH LINCOLN HAS DECLAYUD WAH!

YAHOO!

IT'S BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER!

I ALWAYS WANTED TO POKE YOU IN THE NOSE!

I'M GONNA ENLIST!

ME TOO!

GREAT BALLS O' FIRE!

AH JUS' HATE THAT MISTUH LINCOLN, DECLAYRUN WAR RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE O' THE PARTY! NOW ASHCAN'S RUN OFF... AN' AH'LL NEVUH SEE HIM AGAIN. THAT IS... UNLESS I MARRY MALADIE HAMINEGG'S BROTHER! AN THERE THE SHMOE IS! HEY! SHMOE!

YO' CALL-IN' LI'L OL' ME, MISS SCARLIP?

BOING!

WUF WOOF

MEMORABLE SCENE NO. 2: REMEMBER THE ROLLICKING SCENE IN WHICH SCARLIP, A WIDOW OF ONLY TWO MONTHS, (SHE DID MARRY THE SHMOE BUT HE DIED OF ACUTE ATHLETE'S FEET)... ATTENDS A FUND-RAISING DANCE IN HONOR OF THE WEAKENED SOUTHERN LINE... AND RUNS INTO A STRONG NORTHERN LINE, HANDED OUT BY THE GUY FROM THE PARTY... THE LEERING ONE... NOTORIOUS RHETT BUTTONS HIMSELF! REMEMBER? HUH?

WELL! WIDOW HAMINEGG! WE MEET AGAIN!

SO WHAT'S NEW?

SO WHAT COULD BE NEW?

KISSES 3 FOR $1.00 NO RAIN CHECKS

O.P.A. LIST PRICES SHORT KISS-25¢ LONG KISS-50¢ PASSIONATE KISS... I'LL PAY YOU!

NO CREDIT

NO CONFEDERAT MONEY

PUCKER SUCKER

FALSE TEETH

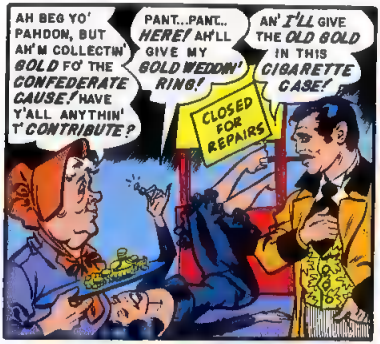
ALL RIGHT, BABY! NOW THAT THE SCHOOL-BOYS ARE OUT OF THE WAY, LET A REAL HE-MAN SHOW YOU HOW TO KISS!

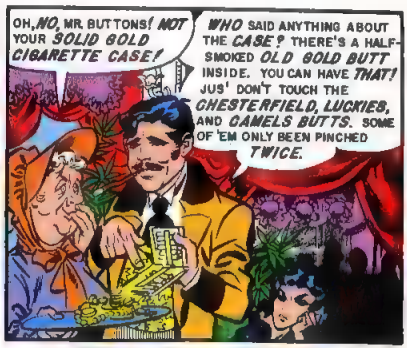
I KNOW HOW TO TREAT SOUTHERN FREUD CHICKENS!

OH! YOU'RE SO FORCEFUL!

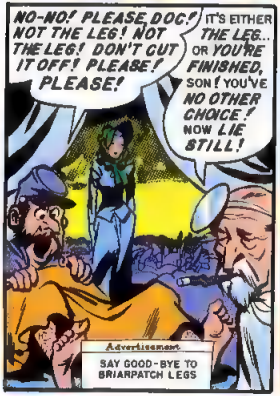
C'MERE...

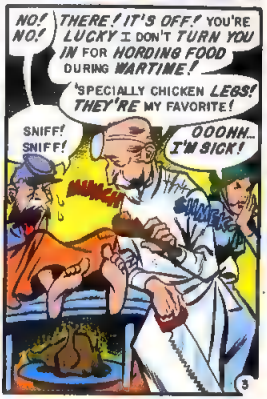
CRUNCH!





MEMORABLE SCENE NO. 3: REMEMBER THE *POIGNANT SCENE* IN WHICH *SCARLIP*, TRAPPED IN ATLANTA BY SHERMAN'S ADVANCING ARMY, HAS HER FIRST LESSONS IN *SOUTHERN HOSPITAL*-ITY, BY CARING FOR THE SICK AND WOUNDED CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS IN THE *MAKE-SHIFT DISPENSARY* SET UP IN THE BESIEGED CITY'S *POST-OFFICE*. REMEMBER THE *GORE?! UUUGCH!*





AND SAY... TALK ABOUT *MEMORABLE SCENES!* HOW ABOUT THE ONE IN WHICH *SCARLIP* AND *RHETT* ESCAPE THE BESIEGED AND BURNING CITY OF ATLANTA IN *A STOLEN HORSE AND WAGON* WITH *MALADIE* AND HER *NEW-BORN BABY* IN THE *BACK?*

HOW ABOUT THAT?

DO TRY TO *HURRY,* RHETT! I WANT TO BE *HOME* IN TIME TO HEAR THE *10 P.M. NEWS* WITH *FRANK EDWARDS!*

I'M *DOING* THE BEST I *CAN,* BABY... BUT IT'S *TOUGH* BUCKING THIS *RUSH-HOUR TRAFFIC! GIDDAP, ULYSSES!*

HOLOCAUST OF THOUSANDS

WELL, BABY! I GOT YOU THROUGH THE *ENEMY LINES* AND NOW I'M *LEAVIN'* YUH! FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE *ON YOUR OWN!*

YOU'RE *LEAVING!?* BUT WHERE WILL YOU *GO?* WHAT WILL YOU *DO?*

WHY, I'M GONNA JOIN THE *ARMY,* SCARLIP! THERE MAY *STILL* BE TIME TO GET IN ON THAT *52-20 DEAL!*

BUT, *RHETT!* YOU MIGHT BE *KILLED* IN THIS HORRIBLE OL' WAR! YOU MIGHT...

I'M NO *FOOL,* SCARLIP! THE WAR *ENDED* THREE DAYS AGO... AT APPAPOTOMIX... HIPPOPOTIMUS... APPOPITOMAX... THE *SOUTH SURRENDERED!*

... *BESIDES!* WHAT COULD *HAPPEN* TO ME!? I'M THE *HERO*... AND THE PICTURE ISN'T EVEN *HALF OVER YET!* NOW, *C'MERE*... AND GIVE ME A *GREAT BIG HUG* AND *KISS* FOR GETTING YOU HOME *SAFELY...*

I'M NOT *THAT* KIND OF A *GIRL,* RHETT BUTTONS. AND WHAT WOULD THE *NEIGHBORS* THINK?

ONCE MORE RE-UNITED WITH HER FAMILY ON THE BELOVED RED EARTH OF *TARA-RA-BOOM-TEE-AY,* SCARLIP VOWS TO *RESTORE* THE BURNED, SHELL-POCKED LAND TO THE *BEAUTIFUL, THRIVING COTTON PLANTATION* IT *ONCE WAS*... AT *ALL COSTS,* AND SO, *DOGGEDLY, DETERMINED,* SHE *SETS TO WORK*... SETS *EVERYBODY* TO WORK...

REMEMBER THIS SCENE?

LISTEN, DAUGHTER! *YOU CAN'T DRIVE YOUR SISTERS THAT WAY!* IT ISN'T *FITTIN'* T'DRIVE THEM THAT WAY! IT ISN'T *HUMAN!*

AW, *GET YER COTTON-PICKIN' HANDS OFF ME,* PA!

... AN' BESIDES! YOU HAVEN'T GOT A *DRIVER'S LICENSE!*

COTTON

ARE THE *HORSES SHOD* LIKE I *TOL'* YUH?

ULP! DID YOU SAY *"SHOD"?*

QUICK, SCARLIP! THERE'S A *#@?&x!* *YANKEE MARAUDER* IN THE HOUSE!

YOU JUST STAY *HERE,* MALADIE! *AH'LL* TAKE CARE OF THAT *#@?&x!!* *YANKEE!*

HELLO, SISTER! WHY CAN'T YOU AN' ME BE FRIENDS? US #@?!_!x! YANKEES DON'T HOLD NUTHIN' AGAINST YOU REBEL GIRLS! REMEMBER! TO ERR IS HUMAN...BUT IT FEELS DIVINE!

DON'T Y'ALL TAKE ANOTHER STEP MISTUH #@!_!!! YANKEE, OR AH'LL LET YOU HAVE IT RIGHT BETWEEN YO' LI'L OL' EYEBALLS!

ALL YOU #@?_!!! YANKEES...COMIN' 'ROUND HERE AN' SCRATCHIN' UP MAH NICE MARBLE FLOORS WITH THOSE HORRIBLE OL' SPIKES! IT MAKES ME SO STEAMIN' MAD! AN' BESIDES...YO' GOT NO CHEWIN' GUM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLOM!

Advertisement
WHY SUFFER FROM ENLARGED PORES?

REMEMBER THAT HEART-RENDING RENUNCIATION SCENE WHEN SCARLIP DISCOVERS THAT THE LOVE SHE HAS GUARDED FOR ASHCAN MILKS ALL THESE YEARS HAS BEEN FOR NAUGHT?

REMEMBER THE SCENE IN THE WOODSHED WHEN SCARLIP GETS SLAPPED DOWN?

REMEMBER IT? HAH?

OH, ASHCAN...HONEY...IT'S SO WONDERFUL TO HAVE YOU HOME AGAIN!

YES, SCARLIP! IT'S GOOD TO RETURN TO MY BELOVED WIFE MALADIE AND MY 10-MONTH-OLD BABY AFTER 3 LONG YEARS OF BEING AWAY! I'D FORGOTTEN EVERYTHING I EVER LEARNED ABOUT LOVE AND TRUTH AND BEAUTY IN THOSE 3 YEARS!

YOU SEEM TO HAVE GOTTEN A LITTLE RUSTY ON YOUR ARITHMETIC, TOO, ASHCAN, BOY!

OH, ASHCAN! WHY DON'T WE RUN AWAY TOGETHER... JUST YOU AND I? WE CAN BE HAPPY TOGETHER! I KNOW I CAN MAKE YOU HAPPY!

NO, SCARLIP! IT WOULDN'T WORK! MY WIFE MALADIE WOULD NEVER UNDERSTAND! SHE'S FUNNY THAT WAY!

THIS IS KNOWN AS A MASON-DIXON LINE!

SO, ASHCAN MILKS! YOU NEVER REALLY LOVED ME AT ALL! ALL THIS TIME AH'VE BEEN WAITIN' FO' YO' RETURN...WAITIN' FO' YOU T' COME AN' CRUSH ME IN YO' SPINDLY ARMS...AN' ALL THIS TIME, YOU'VE BEEN IN LOVE WITH ANOTHER!

ANOTHER WHAT?

THUD!

SCARLIP, ALREADY WIDOWED FOR THE SECOND TIME, (SHE MARRIED ANOTHER SHMOE TO SAVE TARA-RA-BOOM-TEE-AY FROM THE TAX COLLECTOR) FINALLY JOINS IN HAPPY UNION...OOPS! SORRY!... MATRIMONY WITH RHETT BUTTONS... NOW A RICH MAN AFTER 3 YEARS OF BOOTLEGGING, PLUNDERING, GUN-RUNNING, SMUGGLING, SPYING, AND SELLING SECRET PLANS TO THE ENEMY. (ACTUALLY, ALL OF THESE ILLICIT ENTERPRISES WERE JUST A FRONT FOR HIS REAL SOURCE OF INCOME...COMIC BOOK PUBLISHING!) THE HONEYMOON, ABOARD RHETT'S PRIVATE PADDLE-BOAT, STEAMING DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI, OFFERED US SUCH SPARKLING BITS OF DIALOGUE AS...

THIS IS A PADDLE BOAT!?
YOU'RE PADDLING, AIN'T YUH?
ROBERT E. LEAKY
WHEN ASHORE, THE HONEYMOONERS DINED AT ONLY THE MOST EXCLUSIVE EATING PLACES.
WHAT'LL IT BE, FOLKS?
I'LL HAVE A BANANA-SPLIT-NUT-SUNDAE... WITH ONE BALL OF PICKLED HUCKLEBERRY ICE CREAM AND ONE BALL OF SWEET-AND-SOUR ARTICHOKE ICE CREAM.
MAKE THAT TWO!
SALE CUT RATE OPIUM
ALL KINDS DRUGS
ICE CREAM 208 FLAVORS
60 AHEAD ASK ME!
FOR THOSE FIRST GAY CAREFREE MONTHS OF MARRIAGE, SCARLIP WAS HAPPIER THAN SHE HAD EVER BEEN IN HER WHOLE LIFE. BUT THEN... JUST AS QUICKLY AS IT HAD BEEN KINDLED, THE FLAME OF LOVE THAT BURNED IN HER HEART FOR THE ROUGH AND MASTERFUL RHETT STARTED TO WANE!
REMEMBER THE SCENE IN WHICH SHE LOCKS HIM OUT OF HER BEDROOM?
REMEMBER?
RHETT! AH WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT AH'M LOCKIN' MY DOOR TONIGHT!
THAT'S OKAY WITH ME, BABY! I KNOW PLENTY OF WAYS TO AMUSE MYSELF! AFTER ALL, I WASN'T A BATCHELOR FOR 30 YEARS FOR NOTHING, Y'KNOW! IF YOU WANT ME, I'LL BE AT BELLE BOTTOM'S PLACE!
WELL, HERE I AM AT BELLE BOTTOM'S PLACE... AND BOY, AM I AMUSIN' MYSELF! HO! HO! AM I HAVING FUN!
SHUCKS! I TILTED IT!
AND THAT WAS MY LAST CONFEDERATE NICKLE, TOO!
I MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME!
TILT
YOU'LL NOT LOCK YOUR DOOR TONIGHT, SCARLIP!
KRUMF!
I KNOW MY RIGHTS AS A HUSBAND AND BY GOLLY, NO FURSHLUGGINER DOOR IS GOING TO KEEP ME FROM MY RIGHT TO ENJOY MYSELF...
THIS PINBALL MACHINE I HAD INSTALLED IN YOUR BEDROOM IS HALF MINE, AND I'VE GOT A RIGHT TO PLAY IT ANYTIME I WANT!
BESIDES, IT PAYS OFF BETTER THAN THE ONE AT BELLE'S PLACE!
TILT
DING DANGGG

REMEMBER THE *FINAL, EMOTION PACKED SCENE* IN WHICH *SCARLIP*, FURIOUS AT RHETT'S *COOL INDIFFERENCE* TOWARD HER, LUNGES *BLINDLY* AT HIM FROM ATOP THE LANDING OF THEIR VELVET CARPETED STAIRCASE...AND *MISSES!*

RHETT BUTTONS! YOU'RE JUST A CALLOUSED, HEARTLESS CUR! TAKE *THAT..OOOPS!*

I *KNEW* THIS *TURTLE-NECK SWEATER* YOU KNITTED FOR ME WOULD *COME IN HANDY* SOMEDAY!

OUT TO LUNGE

ZIP

HOPE YOU LIKE YOUR *TRIP...THIS FALL!*

OL' BRANDAD

GENERAL B. HOSSIFAX

BDOINK!

BDOINK!

THUD!

H-HELP ME, RHETT!

AH'M WEAK!

AH'M HELPLESS!

AH' CAIN'T MOVE A MUSCLE!

WELL, THEN, I GUESS THIS IS A GOOD TIME FOR ME TO TELL YOU THAT I'VE GOT MY CARPET-BAGS PACKED AND I'M LEAVIN' YOU, SCARLIP!

LEAVING!? AS I SAID ON *PAGE FOUR, PANEL THREE...* WHERE WILL YOU *GO?* WHAT WILL YOU *DO?*

S'MATTER?! YOU DON'T *BELIEVE* HER?! YOU GOTTA *CHECK?! THAT'S* WHAT SHE *SAID! TAKE MY WORD FOR IT!*

SO LONG, BABY!

BUT, RHETT! WAIT! YOU *CAN'T LEAVE* ME LIKE *THIS!* HOW WILL I RUN *TARA-RA-BOOM-TEE-AY* ALL BY MYSELF? AT LEAST SIGN OVER YOUR *HYDRO-ELECTRIC DAM* TO ME SO I CAN *IRRIGATE* THE *PEANUT CROP! PLEASE,* RHETT! *PLEASE!*

NEXT WK: DEATH OF A SALESMAN

FRANKLY, SCARLIP! I DON'T *GIVE* A HYDRO-ELECTRIC DAM!

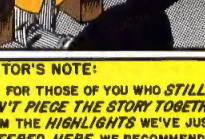
OUR HOME

THE SOUTH SHALL RISE AGAIN!

IT MUST BE *FUNNY...* BUT I CAN'T *THINK* ABOUT IT *NOW!* I'LL THINK ABOUT IT *TOMORROW!*

EDITOR'S NOTE:

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO *STILL CAN'T PIECE THE STORY TOGETHER* FROM THE *HIGHLIGHTS* WE'VE JUST *OFFERED HERE,* WE RECOMMEND THAT YOU *CATCH SWTW'S NEXT REVIVAL.* JUST ONE WORD OF *WARNING!* TAKE AN OLD *INNER TUBE* TO THE MOVIE WITH YOU! THE *PICTURE* IS *FOUR HOURS LONG...* AND YOU HAVE *NO IDEA* WHAT *THAT* KIND OF *TIME* ON A *MOVIE SEAT* CAN *DO* TO YOUR...



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